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# THE STUDENT'S PEN

November  
1928



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Fine Perfumery and Sachet  
Vantine's Incense Sets  
Fancy Bottle, Jewelry Box

Toilet Tray and Mirror  
Vase, Lamp and Vanity Case  
Bead Necklaces of many kinds  
Cameos, Brooches, Bracelets  
Collar Bags and Thermos Bottles  
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VOL. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1928

No. 2

### BOARD OF EDITORS

*Editor-in-Chief*, Vera Victoreen

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### Dedication

*This, the November issue of the Student's Pen, is dedicated with pride and gratitude to all those former students of Pittsfield High School who served our country in the Great World War.*



### Peace

**W**E are able to look back upon these ten years immediately following the World War with a feeling of satisfaction. In this brief period of time more has been done to advance world friendship and to promote peace than in any other decade in history. These steps to promote peace among the great World powers are largely the direct result of the past conflict, that war which was fought to end war. What soldier who died for democracy could awaken and look upon the progress made toward peace in the past ten years without a feeling that he had truly died for a worthy cause?

It took bloodshed; it took the supreme sacrifice of many lives to make nations realize that for the common good war could not be. We paid, but we learned at the same time that war was the most uncertain method of settling international difficulties. We realized that in the future war could not be either won or lost. There is no victor in a conflict such as that which took place over ten years ago. All lost. They lost in lives, and in property, but they gained that objective toward which all the world must work its way—peace.

Henceforth, international difficulties must be settled without that terrible loss of life and property. For the past decade the great nations of the world have been working together for the common good. What have they gained? Apparently very little—but everything lies before them. They have but to reach forth and take it. In the World Court we have an excellent example of the co-operation of many nations to settle common difficulties. It has as yet done nothing very noteworthy, for it has not been given sufficient trial. Another decade, another score of years, and its worth will be definitely proved. Then, too, the Kellogg Treaty is working toward this same end—to break down race jealousies which result in war, and to place in their stead a great union of nations bound together by international friendship and good will.

The war is gradually passing from our memories and we are beginning to look toward the future. But above all, we should remember that we influence the future. The future is in our hands and we mold it as we wish. If we promote the principles of peace, whole-heartedly and sincerely, so that they will succeed, we shall not be long in winning the whole world to our cause.

In the meantime, what can we do to promote peace? We can do a great deal though we must work indirectly. We can break down those racial barriers which now exist, by regarding all creeds, all nationalities as our equals, as our brothers. This is the true way to peace which was taught first not a decade ago, nor a century ago, but nineteen hundred years ago by One who came to preach the gospel of brotherly love.



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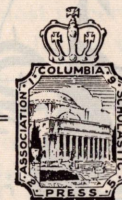
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### Doing Our Bit Toward Peace

TEN years ago November eleventh at eleven o'clock the Armistice was signed which brought the World War to a close. The roar of the mighty guns was silenced, the purr of machine guns ceased, and the bolts of thousands of Springfield rifles were pushed home on empty chambers, never to be moved again in battle. The world's greatest and most horrible conflict was closed. Another dream of imperial conquest had collapsed. The suspension of the pandemonium which had reigned supreme along the battlefield for four years occurred abruptly. Silence hung like a pall over the trenches.

The passing of a decade has put that great conflict into the annals of history. The memories of the glorious celebrations of November eleventh, nineteen hundred and eighteen are hidden away in the deep recesses of human recollection, and the lessons which were learned in that great international conflict are slowly moving into oblivion.

We must not forget. The World War was a war to end war, a war to make the world safe for democracy. If peace is to be maintained, if those who sleep in Flanders' Fields are not to have died in vain, international good-will and harmony must be maintained. We are not an isolated nation; we are one of a great family of nations. Our existence is inseparably entwined with that of the rest of the world. All of our policies, tariff, emigration, even prohibition, vitally affect our friends and neighbors beyond our borders. Anything executed in a narrow or selfish manner may prove to be the spark which ignites a mighty conflagration. Upon the shoulders of the people of the United States of America rests the responsibility of maintaining international friendship on a high plane. The attitude of a democratic nation depends upon the individual attitudes of its people. Make sure that you accomplish your bit.

W. Manvel '29

### Since We Went to War

IT is not altogether easy to recapture the mood with which, on April 6th, 1917, the people of this country received the news that we were at war with Germany. There was nothing of elation in that mood, although there was a pervading satisfaction that at last we were making the proper reply to a challenge which was more and more insistently being flung at our feet.

For three years we had watched the titanic struggle across the sea, observing horror piled on horror, until we wondered how human flesh, blood and resolution could endure the ghastly load. Finally, on April 6th, 1917, we took up the gage of battle with the grim determination to acquit ourselves manfully in the discharge of a terrible but necessary task.

Nineteen months later we were celebrating the return of peace. Armistice Day witnessed an unprecedented outburst of joy. We poured into the streets, giving an exhibition of gaiety which children might have envied.

"The war is over", we kept repeating, as if we could not say the happy words often enough.

Ten years have passed. With them has gone the riotous feeling of Armistice Day. Now we continually hear the question, "Is it over?"

True, the fighting is over. But we are still in the shadow which loomed blacker and blacker as the war cloud lifted. It has been said that the true close of the Civil War was not Appomattox, but the panic of 1873, eight years later. Looking back upon this era, what event will the future historian select as marking the real end of the conflict which began in 1914?

Some of the nations created by that war are already at odds with one another and also with some of the nations to whose efforts they owe their creation. In the ten year perspective the war that was to end all war does not look so final as enthusiastic spirits proclaimed it to be.

But that war must be the last. We, the boys and girls of today, the men and women of tomorrow must keep it so, for the sake of those boys who died "over there", believing that the World War was to be the end of conflict.

Winifred Connelly '29

### Departure

How well I remember  
How they went,  
Passing o'er the hill  
In steady file,  
Square shouldered youth  
Smiling through their tears.

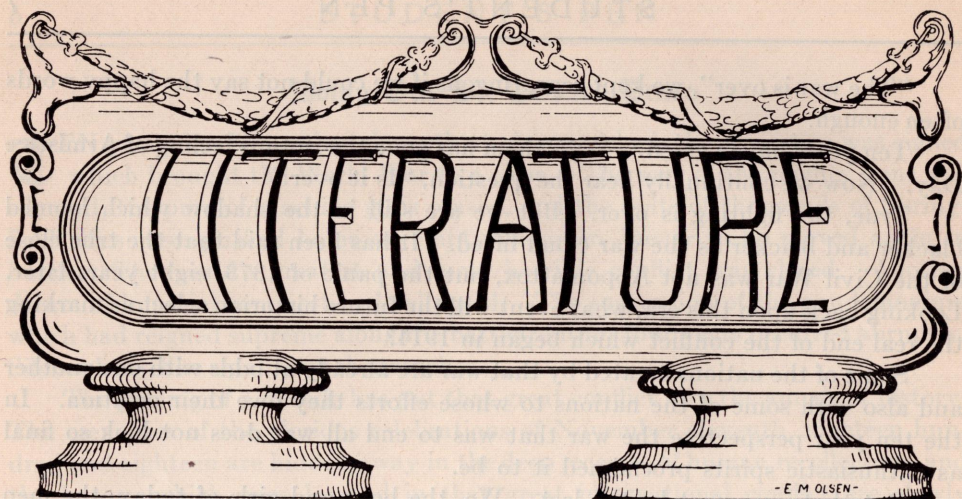
How well I remember  
How they passed my gate,  
I waved and looked—  
I could not smile.

Long days passed.  
They came back  
And passed again before my gate.  
I looked through misty eyes  
And sobbed: "O, where  
Are all the youth who marched away?"

Somehow the answer came:  
"Youth has paid the price  
Of democracy  
To insure the world of peace."

V. V.





### Duty

LUTHER HESSE paused with his hand on the door knob and said to his son, "I'm asking you this for the last time. Will you go with me to Germany?"

"No, Dad," replied Frederick, "I won't go. I owe Germany nothing and I refuse to fight for her."

"Very well then," cried his father, "be a stay at home. Remember, if you should, by any chance, get a change of heart, do your duty as the rest of your family has done it. Good bye."

"And good luck", said the son as his father closed the front door.

The elder Hesse had come to America soon after he had served his time in the Army. He had settled down in St. Paul and married a girl whose ancestors had missed the "Mayflower", but who had come over on the next boat.

When Frederick was but nine years old, his mother died. But before she had passed on, she had taught her son a love for his native land, a love that his father could never remove.

When the war broke out, Fred, a young man of twenty-one was getting ready to go back to college as a member of the junior class. The Armies had been in motion for only a week when Luther first asked his son to go to war with him. Although he had stormed and threatened, pleaded and argued with his son for two days, it was of no avail. On the third day the scene already mentioned took place. Mr. Hesse left his store in the hands of his partner. Three weeks later Fred received a letter from his father stating that he had reached Denmark and would, in all probability, join his old Prussian regiment.

Frederick Hesse completed his college course and received his degree. He then took up the position of assistant manager in his father's shoe store. When the United States declared war Fred was among the first to enlist. After five months of training he was sent to France. His regiment was numbered among the first to enter the struggle.

Hesse's superiors soon found out that he was an able and efficient soldier and he was soon promoted to the rank of Corporal.

The war was about over and Fred was looking forward to the time when he would go back to his home in St. Paul with his father (if he was still alive) and lead a peaceful life. But there came a day that sent his dream castles tumbling down into forlorn ruin.

It was a dark and stormy night. A "runner" had just arrived at the dugout where Fred, now a Sergeant, Lieutenant Smith, and several others were in conference. The messenger handed his note to Smith and awaited orders. While the Lieutenant was writing his answer, he explained the battle orders for the next day. "The barrage will begin at four, as it has every day this week, but instead of lifting at eight, firing will stop at six, and at six-one the attack will be made. We've got to straighten this line, and so the men for a half mile on each side will reinforce us, leaving only a small guard at their own trenches. And good night nurse if the Huns get wind of it!"

The "runner" leaned over to take the paper which Smith had written, and in doing so exposed his face to the full glare of the tin lantern that stood on the table around which the men were seated. Almost immediately Hesse drew his revolver, pointed it at the messenger, and at the same time cried, "This man is a spy. Arrest him."

Lieutenant Smith stood up so suddenly that he knocked over the box he had been seated upon.

"Give me your arms", he commanded of the messenger.

The man could do nothing but obey.

"Now", said Smith to Fred, "what's the idea?"

"Search him and you'll soon see", he replied.

Several of the men examined the "runner" and found nothing of importance except two identification discs, one German and one American. The American one had Richard Jones, Co.—written on it, while the Boch disc could not be clearly read because it was corroded.

"What is your name"? asked the Lieutenant.

"Richard Jones", muttered the messenger. "You have no right to hold me merely because I happen to have a German disc for a souvenir."

"Well, I guess you're wrong for once," said Smith to Hesse.

"Perhaps I am, but search him some more."

On "Jones" chest was found a German eagle done in red ink and a German motto done in green.

"That is enough," exclaimed Smith in harsh tones. "Get the Captain."

One of the men went in search of him while another took the important messenger.

In a short time the officer appeared, heard the facts, and ordered an immediate court-martial. One of the men knew the real Richard Jones and so there could be but one result. The prisoner heard the words of the court, "sentenced to die at once."

Fred was given twelve men and told to carry out the sentence. The ex-messenger was placed in front of a wall, a blind-fold was placed over his eyes, and



soon twelve shots rang out as one. The German crumpled in a heap. Five feet of earth soon lay between him and the midnight air. Thirteen silent and thoughtful men marched back to the trench.

At half past five in the morning Hesse made his way through the trench to where he was to lead his men in the charge. He found Lieutenant Smith leaning against a short ladder.

As the barrage had begun it was necessary for the men to scream to make themselves heard. "Great stuff, old man," yelled Smith, "if it hadn't been for you I don't know what would have happened. By the way, what made you suspect him?"

Ignoring the question, Fred remarked, "You've been a good friend of mine so I guess you won't mind if I unburden myself to you."

"Sure, go ahead", answered the Lieutenant, somewhat mystified.

"I knew that man was a spy because he was my father!"

Whatever his thoughts were, Smith kept them to himself.

"When the war began Dad returned to Germany and joined the same Prussian regiment of which he had been a member before he came to America. Evidently the Huns captured an American messenger, and because Father spoke English perfectly, it was natural for him to come into our dugout as a spy. He remembered to put on the American disc, but forgot to take off his own. I suppose he didn't regard his tattoo as important, for he didn't expect to be searched. When he came into the dugout I didn't get a good look at him until he leaned over to take your note. Then I recognized him at once. I didn't know what to do at first, but I decided that my country came before me or mine. You know the rest", concluded Fred sadly.

"Why didn't you tell us who he was," cried Smith.

"What good would that have done? He would have been shot no matter what you or I could have done."

"Yes, I guess you're right, but you wouldn't have had to have him shot yourself."

"No, but I would have had to explain who he was and then some other man would have suffered too. It might have been you."

"Make ready", commanded the Lieutenant to the men who were lined up waiting for the charge, "it's nearly time." Smith put his whistle to his lips. He blew it and screamed, "Good-bye, old man."

Sergeant Hesse climbed to the top of the parapet and saluted his friend.

"Wait", yelled Smith as he dashed after Fred.

He found him a while later lying in a captured trench with a German bullet through his heart.

"Mme. X" '29

### "Lest We Forget"

ELSON WARING had been brought up tied to the apron-strings of his nurse, and he was therefore scorned by his schoolfellows. He had never cared a great deal for anyone in his life. He looked on all as inferior, and his mother encouraged this attitude by forbidding his companionship with other boys. Perhaps if he had known his father he would have been different, but he remembered him only vaguely.

Waring did not enlist when the United States entered the war, but he was later drafted into the service. When he was called, he and his mother spent a very uncomfortable half hour discussing the possibilities of his escaping the draft. They finally came to the conclusion that a sufficient sum of money would protect him. Yet, when the Waring money attempted to free its prodigy of his duty, many obstacles were encountered; so many, in fact, that in October, 1917, Elson Waring, private, was a passenger on a vessel bound for Europe with American troops. This was after several months at training camp, where Elson had been miserable, torn at times by a mad desire to flee and, again, by wild spurts of enthusiasm, but he had never betrayed his thoughts.

From the first, he was disliked by his fellow-travelers. He disdainfully accepted the friendship of two or three college men who, unlike Elson, were popular with the other fellows. When the regiment finally reached France, it was a silent and highly scornful Elson who tramped through miles and miles of mud, never joining in the songs of the marching men.

On the night before the first battle, the entire regiment was excited; it was encamped several miles from Noyon, and on the morrow it expected an attack by a veteran German troop. The men were scattered over the damp earth in uncomfortable groups, but alone, Waring lay outside all circles. He was thoroughly frightened; he felt that he would surely turn on his heels and run when the first shot was fired. He would as lief be laughed at or scorned, but fight he could not.

He did not sleep that night. Strangely, he had no thoughts of home, and this must have been more or less unhappy for him. At last dawn came, a gray, drizzling dawn.

"What a perfect background for a desertion!" thought Elson bitterly. He went through the drill mechanically, nervously, but when the regiment started its march across the slippery fields, he was still a private soldier under the American flag. Likewise, when the fighting began, Waring was still present; true, he was hidden under a pile of brush, but he had not deserted.

He might be there yet, were it not that he heard the moan of a man who was surely dying. Waring heard the cry several minutes before the better side of his nature showed itself, but finally he crawled from his security. He reached the side of his comrade, who lay gasping, and had just time to hear the words: "Wife . . . tell . . ." Then a shell fell between them, killing the stranger and striking Elson unconscious.



When he came to, it was dark and all was still. He had no idea of the time, and in fact, he could not remember who or where he was. He arose and attempted to walk, but his left leg refused to answer to his demands, and he had to be content with dragging it. He made little progress, for he continually met with some obstacle, often a body, but he went on until he dropped, exhausted. He lay there a long time, and finally slept. When he awakened it was still dark, but he was not alone, for he heard voices far away. In attempting to arise, he hurt his injured leg, and a groan was wrung from his lips. The voices ceased, and he waited breathlessly to see if he had been discovered. He shouted, but no answer came; yet he knew that there was someone around for from time to time he heard the snapping of a bush. Not until then, was he suspicious of the everlasting darkness, for not until then had his eyes pained him. He knew it must be daylight, for he could feel the heat of the sun; when he realized his blindness, he staggered to his feet, shouting wildly, only to fall back in a miserable huddle. The agonies he suffered must have been torturous, but mercifully he was never again to realize them.

Two men in German uniform picked Waring up that day and brought him to a hospital for prisoners.

There were many pitiful sights here, but a man in a wheel chair especially attracted the visitor. He stared with unseeing eyes, and his face was blank except for a fleeting look of terror which appeared now and then. His eyes blind, his mind vacant, Elson Waring was only the shell of a man.

After the signing of the Armistice, Waring was returned to his home, quietly, with no glory or fame; his mother received him nobly, kindly. Surely, Elson and his mother have paid a debt to their country.

*M. Keegan*

### The Coward

"France Declares War!"

**W**HEN Henri Bourget read the blazing head-line in "Le Temps", his heart sank. He had known that it would come, but now that war had been declared, he hardly knew what to do. He was not strong, but he would have to serve, for his father's sake, and for the family's honor.

After lunch, he took a walk to quiet his jumping nerves. Rounding the corner, he ran into his gang, marching in threes, and bearing a banner: "Pour La Patrie!" Bourget tried to get away from them, but it was too late.

"Come on, Bourget. We're going down to join now. Our country needs us. We are offering our services."

Henri's weak protest was drowned out by the hearty shouts of his friends, and he was swept along with them. But his heart was in his throat, and he was fearful lest one of them should notice how weak he was, and he feared, too, that they might hear the rapid thump-thump of his heart.

He had enlisted! His mother would be so proud! His father would clap him heartily on the back, and tell him how proud he was that his son had been one of the first to enlist. He only hoped that his father wouldn't suspect that a cowardly heart beat beneath the chest stuck out bravely for effect. He was frightened, so frightened, in fact, that he even dreamed that the wretched Huns were in his very room, driving their merciless bayonets into everything. One of them even came over to his bed, and started to stick his bayonet into him,—but then Henri Bourget woke up. He was sorry that he had awakened, sorry that the "Boche" hadn't finished him, for if he had, Henri wouldn't have to go through with it all.

He was at the front! Lord, he was scared! Jacques Lanoue, from home, noticing the depressed look on Bourget's face, nudged him, saying, "Cheer up, buddy. You haven't seen anything yet."

They had been at the front three whole days. Bourget would have died in those three days from sheer fright had it not been for Lanoue, who cheered him and kept him from being utterly morbid, and who could take away that dreadful feeling of fear for a little while, at least.

That night, Captain Lemartine called for a volunteer to go out to repair the telephone wire. Jacques Lanoue, ever courageous, was the first to step forward. Lemartine chose him, and after receiving his instructions, Lanoue slipped off into the dusk. Lanoue, the lucky dog! thought Bourget. Boy, but that fellow had nerve! Why only last week he had been awarded a medal for capturing the bothersome machine-gun nest that had threatened to halt his division's advance.

Three hours went by—Lanoue was long overdue. Bourget found himself praying that Lanoue would come back safely. The voice of the Captain interrupted him.

"Willing to go out after Lanoue, Bourget?"

Bourget gasped.

"Yes, sir," he replied. His fate had claimed him! No,—why not think it as a chance to do something big? He was going to do it gloriously! He would make good!

He was over the top! Shells screamed over his head, cannons roared in the distance. At every bullet that whizzed by, Bourget shuddered, but kept on. A bomb burst over his head, lighting up the ground around him,—and a machine gun spotted him. It began to spatter the ground around him with bullets. He managed to get into a hole,—and then, when the coast seemed clear, he crept out. A few yards farther on, he came upon the form of Lanoue.

"Jacques", he called.

"The wire's fixed, and I'm all right," came Lanoue's feeble reply.

Putting his arms around Lanoue, Bourget started to crawl back to his own lines,—dragging Lanoue with him. He had gone on a few yards, when he saw, from the light of a bomb, the machine gun that had fired at him. A wild hope surged within him. He would try it! He would do something worthwhile! Pushing the wounded Lanoue into a shelter, Bourget crept stealthily towards the



offensive machine gun. Suddenly he reached his objective. Pretending that others were surrounding the Huns, Henri commanded the Heinies to give up. He felt a sting in his right arm, but the owner of the hand that fired, was silenced forever. His comrade went down, to rise no more—When the other Hun tried to resist, Bourget let him have it. The machine gun was his, and he had two dead Germans and a wounded one to boot! After putting the machine gun out of commission, Bourget took Lanoue back to his own trench. Then he fainted.

Some weeks later Bourget returned home on furlough with his Croix de Guerre and Medal of Honour proudly displayed on his chest, Captain Henry Bourget smiled broadly into his father's face. His father clapped him heartily on the back saying, "I'm proud of you, my boy, for the real strength of a man, you know, lies not so much in muscles, as in courage and determination of the heart."

*M. Foley*

### "Over There"

"Over there, over there, over there,  
The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,  
The Yanks are coming everywhere.  
Over there, over there, say a prayer . . ."

**B**ANDS blared it, crowds sang it wildly, and the Yanks themselves shouted lustily: "Over there, tell the Huns over there to beware." A trainload of smiling joyous boys, the priceless jewels of America going to be ground to dust under the iron heel of war. They did not realize what was in store for them. Ah, if they had known! Those happy smiles, those carefree farewells would not have been. "So long, Dad, old scout—say, what's the matter? Buck up, Dad! Goodbye, Mother, dear. I'll write every day. Goodbye, Mary. I'll send you a German helmet. Goodbye, goodbye." And the band echoed: "Over there, say a prayer, we're coming over, and we won't be back till it's over, over there."

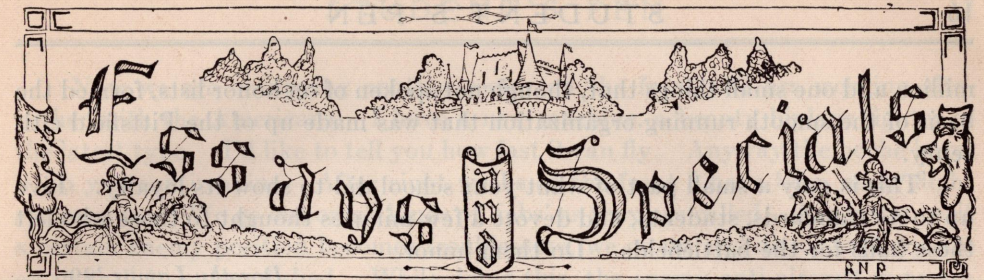
Ten years have passed away—ten years of peace born of suffering and sorrow. Suffering, yes, agonies of which no man can tell. Torn masses of humanity lying helpless on a blood-stained field. Suffering! And sorrow. Silvered hair and tear-dimmed eyes, a faint smile on trembling lips—these are the tokens of sorrow no time can heal. Has not this peace been molded from the mutilated bodies of our nation's treasure, from the torn hearts of waiting mothers?

Once more comes Armistice Day. Once more the world goes back to those days when the earth echoed with the cries of dying men. Once more the Yanks go marching by, and to the ears comes the sound of a distant band—and to the heart the sound of a loved voice—"Over there, we're coming over, and we won't be back till it's over, over there."

*Grace Mochrie '29*

Miss Morse: "Why did Washington throw a silver dollar across the Potomac?"

Answer from the back of the room: "He was teaching a Scotchman how to swim."



### The Gold Stars on our Service Flag

**W**AR! America's at war!" When that message was flashed to the remotest corners of the United States many were the boys who flinging their books helter skelter into their desks, left the school doors perhaps never to return. Do you, students, ever stop to think that perhaps the very desk you use was once blithely chalked upon by one of Pittsfield's war heroes? How close to us that single thought brings those boys!

Picture to yourself a day, after that cry of "war!" rang in the ears of American citizens—a school day—and a quiet boy, only a sophomore, with a steady, purposeful light shining in eyes that will stray from textbooks to dwell upon a far off dream of glory. Such a boy was Charles Jones, who enlisted in the aviation service at the entrance of America into the World War. Pittsfield High School's first gold star was for this sophomore.

Now picture a boisterous class of forty-eight pupils who have elected U. S. History, hoping for an easy term, and among them another boy, the president of his class, beloved of all his classmates. He sits attentively, never joining in the hilarious pranks of the others. As time goes on, imagine his example so influencing the class that the disorder, the hilarity disappears, and the U. S. History group becomes one of the best classes in P. H. S. This boy was Lloyd Hamilton, who also became an aviator, an ace who brought down thirteen German planes before Death ended his brilliant career. Today he is well remembered and this tribute is given him.

"If ever there was anyone who by his quiet example and unobtrusive influence swayed a number of people and raised their standard of conduct, that boy was Lloyd Hamilton."

These are but two of the hundreds that Pittsfield sent from her high school. Did you notice the service flag on the auditorium stage during the assembly for Armistice Day? It is more than a flag. Each blue star has a personality. It stands for a person, as do the gold stars, the shining symbols of boys who gave the last full measure of devotion. Those boys that went across were many of them star athletes, sprinters, football players, all of them good sportsmen and the finest type of American boys.

The auditorium of P. H. S. also served its part in war work. It was the scene of meetings at which committees reported on the progress of the food conservation campaign. It was in that hall that the faculty devoted its time and energy doing its part—taking notes—helping on the conscription lists and accomplishing the



million and one small things that, though not spoken of on honor lists, formed the basis of the smooth running organization that was made up of the Pittsfield citizenry.

This is only a small part of what your school did to show its loyalty. Live up to its standards, students, and devote a few minutes thought to those who left these halls for the battlefields. Do them honor.

*Dorothy Lamar '29*

\* \* \* \*

**H**UNDREDS of former P. H. S. fellows were in the service—and some made the supreme sacrifice. To mention only a few whose names were prominent during their school days—Jack Burwell, Harold Eadie, Andy Wellington—three as fine young fellows as ever entered any school—handsome, chivalrous, good athletes. Andy was a sprinter; Jack caught, and played half-back; Eadie played short. And all were killed in action.”

*J. R.*

### **Andrew Smith Wellington**

*By Capt. Harold R. Goewey, 151st. brig., Co. 4 (Act) P. H. S. '13*

**A**NDREW SMITH WELLINGTON was born at Pittsfield on May 4, 1893, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall S. Wellington. He attended Pittsfield High School and was a member of the class of 1913, and graduated from the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania in 1915. While a student at Pittsfield High School he was prominent in athletics, playing on the football team and being a member of the track team.

In 1917 the United States entered the World War. “Andy”, as he was known to his friends, drew his sword and asked no reason but his Country's cause. He enlisted in the United States Army at Hartford, Connecticut, on August 15, 1917, as a machine gunner in Company C, 101st Machine Gun Battalion, 26th Division. He sailed overseas with the Yankee Division, and soon was in the front line trenches.

This soldier of the mighty war, from roaring cannon and the drums, was called to his last review by his Captain on July 25, 1918 near Epieds, France. Like a weary sentinel he put his armour off to rest in heaven. He sleeps with his martial cloak around him in the National Cemetery in France.

Andrew Smith Wellington was gentle of speech, beneficent of mind, in death a hero, in life a friend.

### **A Letter from a Flight Commander in France—1918**

*(a P. H. S. graduate)*

**I**HAVE been on the front for eight weeks now and am still able to tell the tale, so you see luck is with me. Last week they gave me four days off in which to rest up, so I flew to Paris and stayed there. I have been to Paris quite a number of times now, but it is very interesting and one never tires of that gay, beautiful center which is in the very heart of France as well as being in the heart of every Frenchman.

Now we are occupying another sector on the front and are working altogether with the Americans. I have a new machine, a beauty biplane fighter of the latest type. I'd like to tell you how fast it can fly. Anyway the boche hates it, so you can imagine. After eight weeks at the front I have been made flight commander. We go out on all kinds of 'jobs' as they are called. For instance, if a certain enemy position becomes troublesome, we go up and direct artillery fire on it until it is demolished. While doing this, the enemy anti-aircraft guns are continually firing at you and the shells are bursting all around, in front, behind, on both sides, above and below you. At the same time while trying to fool the anti-aircraft guns or 'archies' as they are more commonly called, you must continually keep on the lookout for enemy planes so as not to let them drop on you and shoot you down before you can attack them or scare them off.

An air battle is just a matter of seconds, both machines exchanging a few quick shots with their machine guns and it's all over. Either you hit him or you don't; either you are hit or you aren't. Of course, if you are caught by a bunch of enemy planes, then it's a case of maneuvering and you have got to be quick or they will shoot you down. All this time, of course, your primary thought must be of your mission, to direct the battery fire on the enemy position. We all hope to be fortunate enough to bring down a plane, with a medal or something, but the daily team work, the successful carrying out of your mission means much more to the struggling men below you than all the personal glory in the world.

Besides directing artillery fire our missions sometimes take us far into Germany for photographs of Hun positions. Sometimes we fly low and machine gun the boche trenches and sometimes control a barrage for an advancing division. It is all very exciting and interesting.

Our aerodrome is necessarily a little way behind the lines and we have beaucoup air raids, so many that we have ceased to pay any attention to them. On one occasion a couple of us went up on a little high place to watch one just for the fun of it. It was a clear night and the stars in their familiar formations peeked down as if they, too, were anxious to see what was going to happen. The moon, nearly full, was slowly rising and its soft light threw our hangers and the adjoining villages into bold relief. We could even see our own long, dim shadows. A more perfect night in which to carry out a successful air raid could not be wished for. We smoked and talked in low tones. Along the entire eastern sky the lightning-like flashes from the big guns played at regular and frequent intervals and their constant boom grew monotonous so that we almost ceased to hear it. The powerful searchlights of the larger towns and villages behind the lines north, south, and west threw their broad bars of light up in the sky on an untiring lookout for enemy planes, swooping down for a surprise attack.

It drew on toward eleven o'clock, and we knew it to be about time for Fritzie to put in an appearance. Talk ceased altogether, and listening for the well known sing of the motors, we stood gazing skyward. Sure enough, way up in the northeast we could make out the sound gradually growing louder, a deep humming like that of a large bumblebee. Nearer and nearer it came, but very high up. We strained our eyes, but to no avail; not a sign of one could we see. They seemed to be almost overhead when the 'archies' began to open up on all sides,



sending up a terrific barrage. The humming stopped and then it came again from other directions: the planes had separated. Still no bombs. Between the booms of the 'archies' we could hear the humming and then it gradually died out. We began to wonder if the barrage had not scared them off, when siz-z-z-z followed by a blinding flash of flame and an almost instantaneous and tremendous report and shock that shook the earth like a jelly. Another, and still more in rapid succession. The noise was deafening. Suddenly everything was lighted up as bright as day. The enemy were dropping flares in order to ascertain the damage done. The bombing stopped and we could hear the motors again as the planes started to climb after their long glide. We could make one or two of them out when they came in front of the moon as they sailed away. It was all over. A fire had been started in one place, and one or two houses were blown up; the rest of the bombs had torn mammoth holes in the outlying fields. We wandered back to our billets, had a bite to eat and went to bed. I am generally too tired to stay up for bomb raids, and as I said before, we don't pay much attention to them.

I am feeling great. Everything in the way of victories seems to be ours now. The papers are no doubt full of the great allied successes. I am hoping that the whole thing will be over before long. The cities and towns we are now capturing from the Germans are mere holes of piles of brick. The devastation is frightful. My stock of fairy tales is increasing. I can't write them now, but hope to tell them soon."

### From Camp Devens to France

(The following members of Amb. Co. 301 attended P. H. S.:  
Martin Bolander, George T. Chandler, Harold Coe, Douglas Jandro,  
George Milne, Oscar Plumb, Edgar P. Wood, Francis J. Goulet.)

AT ten o'clock, July 10th, 1918, the 301st Ambulance Corps of Berkshire County was out on the roadway, packs ready to be slung and the train waiting to take us on the first leg of our journey to France. The command was given: "Sling packs, forward march," and as soon as we were loaded, the train started in a northerly direction. All along the way good wishes and last gifts of chocolates and tobacco were showered upon us. The following morning found our train drawn up to the wharves of Montreal. Our ship, which resembled a small steamer was camouflaged in angular design. It was at the wharf and already filled with troops. Such a name, "Durham Castle," for a ship which could boast only of low ceilings, wooden tables and hammocks.

We steamed down the St. Lawrence river with port holes shut and all lights out on deck on our way to Halifax, waiting there five days for seventeen ships to join us.

July 20th, guarded by a British cruiser, the convoy sailed out of the harbor to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner". Three days before we landed a flotilla of three American destroyers joined us as an escort. On the last day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a gun was fired from a nearby ship and then a bombardment and discharge of depth bombs began. A submarine had been sighted. Orders were given to put on life belts. We unlaced our shoes, and everyone waited, anxious for results. The battle lasted about a half hour and no one could give an account of how many subs were on hand.

Arriving at Cardiff, Wales, we were given a great reception, as we were the first American troops to land there. After spending the day in Cardiff, we entrained for Winchester, England and then for Southampton where we awaited our trip across the Channel to Havre, France. The channel trip was uneventful as we were escorted by several American destroyers and hydroplanes.

For two days we remained in a rest camp at Havre and August 6 found us rolling over the French countryside in a "sidedoor pullman" to St. Amand-Cher. For the first time we could hear the dull booming of the guns in the distance. St. Amand was not a disappointment—a neat little village of 8,000 people, with narrow streets bordered with cream-colored cement houses, and cafes at every turn where we had our fill of omelettes and wine. We soon settled down to a schedule something like this: Reveille at 6.30, breakfast and policing, sick call preceded a hike over the countryside or short drill in the afternoon, French classes, and bandaging followed by gas mask drill and lectures.

A warm friendship grew up between the French and Americans, the former being greatly impressed by our efficiency in doing things on a large scale. At one time we had a quarantine camp to erect and, strange as it may seem, by evening we had completed it, and were receiving over one hundred patients. Quite a large personnel was needed for this work. We encountered nearly every form of manual labor. It was work, work, and more work, but with compensation, for pay day arrived once a month. If our allowance lasted three days, it was an event. The cafes were crowded; it was eat and drink, drink and eat. And what we didn't buy! One in our company purchased seven rabbits on one occasion for an unknown reason, but he fattened them up for consumption. Another bought a silk apron which he used doing kitchen duty.

Perhaps one of the most unique customs was the manner of taking a bath. One walked to the public baths, a building surrounded by a park or garden, where he sat and waited his turn. The best part of it all was the hot water. Madame washed the tub out after each bath. Quite a contrast to our modern homes!

We were expecting every day to be ordered to the front, when on November 11th, the Germans agreed to the terms of the Armistice. The French were perhaps so dulled by the agonies of four long years of war that they did not at once burst into a delirium of joy, but with the aid of Yankee pep, the celebration began in the afternoon, and in the evening in the town square there were speeches and confetti and fireworks. The cafes were open and crowded and cries of "Vive La France" and "Vive L' Amerique", resounded. France's day had come at last and she was more than grateful for the help America had given.

Francis J. Goulet '17



### Summer--1918

**T**HE beginning of May, 1918, found the Allies near defeat. The German forces were marching on Paris, their objective in their famous "Victory Drive", and from the German point of view the war was over.

During all this time the American forces were behind the lines, being trained by French and British officers, and as yet had had no taste of actual battle. But now they were thrown into the fray in full force, and at once, on May 29, proved their mettle by stopping the Germans at Cantigny and capturing the town. On June 1st they won the battle of Chateau-Thierry, the turning point of the war, and the "Victory Drive" was stopped. On June 9th the American troops crossed the Marne in pursuit of the retreating Germans, and on July 2nd captured Vaux. They celebrated the week of July 4th by capturing Vorges. The Germans now began to retreat more rapidly, but the Americans pursued just as fast, and on August 3rd captured Tismes. Four weeks later they captured the plain of Juvigny.

On September 12th the Americans, under direct command of General Pershing, attacked the St. Mihiel salient. St. Mihiel was entirely wiped out. This was the most important operation of the American troops during the war.

On September 27th the American, British and French forces captured the Cambrai sector, and the next day the same forces captured Fountaine, Notre-Dame, Marcoing, Nayelles and Cantainy. On September 29th the Americans took Bellecourt. On October 17th Le Cateau and Yazeuel fell into British hands.

During all this time the Germans were given no rest. Pressure continued night and day under the able direction of Foch, and finally the Central Powers sued for peace. November 1st to 11th marked the complete collapse of the German defensive.

The last days of the war are well described by a graduate of P. H. S., Jay Rosenfeld, who was a motorcycle dispatch driver in B Co., 390th Inf., 90th Div.

"November, 1918—A memorable month—the first ten days bitter fighting—then a week of rest and general cleaning-up, and then, the beginning, for those divisions chosen, of the march into Germany of the Army of Occupation. The destination was reached about a day or two before Christmas, and billets of real beds with mattresses and sheets were provided for the men, who, for many months previous, had made a bed of the driest spot available whenever it was time to turn in."

Myron Michelman '30

### The Invasion of the Army of Occupation

as told to

Myron L. Michelman '30

by

Jay Rosenfeld, B Co., 390th Inf., 90th div.

**T**HE army of occupation was chosen from those divisions whose records in the lines were among the most glorious, so the men of the ninetieth division were very proud of the distinction and honor bestowed upon them when they learned

that they were among the selected. But they were not so well pleased when they learned that the journey, at least for the infantry regiments, was to be made on foot. After the Armistice there was a week of resting and refreshing, and replacing of worn or lost equipment, and then started the hike into Germany.

The order "forward march" was given after a very early breakfast, and the long line moved on. Marching fifty minutes an hour and resting ten, until sometime in the afternoon when the destination of the day was reached, we arrived sometimes at two o'clock, other times as late as five, and the only other meal of the day was not served until the day's hike was accomplished.

While marching through the country we were permitted to go at rout step, that is, not in step and not in strict line; but when a town was reached, the band, which was at the head of the column, started to play, and the order was relayed back to march at attention, that is, in parade formation. The colour sergeants held Old Glory and our regimental flag, the 390th infantry, proudly aloft, while the children ran out to meet us and the older folks, from behind closed shutters, watched us with a feeling between awe and despair.

For some thirty odd days the march continued,—with twenty-four hours extra rest every fifth or sixth day—until the permanent billets were reached at towns on the Rhine and Moselle rivers.

At the end of each day's trek it was unnecessary, headquarters found, to give the men a soporific to put them to sleep. Billets were provided any place under a roof, usually in houses abandoned during the fighting and to which the civilians had not yet been permitted to return. School-houses were especially good, for whole companies could be assigned to one building. The floor was sufficient bed, and the soldiers lay in the aisles between the desks, or twined themselves around and between and beneath the desks themselves for their night's rest, with nothing to think of but the twenty-five mile promenade of the next day.

### Company F

*The material used in this article was obtained from an American Legion member who went through almost the entire conflict with the Pittsfield men.*

**V**ERY few high school students of the present day have any practical knowledge of the part which their own city played in the World War. We, of Pittsfield High school are quite unaware that Company F, representing our city won considerable fame and did more front line fighting than any other company participating in the war. In merely studying a brief history of the company, we discover that Company F deserves much more than passing recognition.

Company F was formed from the old Second Massachusetts Volunteer Militia of Civil War fame. The company was first called into action in March of the year 1917 to guard bridges in Pittsfield and other nearby towns. This work lasted only a short time for in July of the same year the company left Pittsfield for the training camps in Greenfield. Here, the Pittsfield men joined companies from Adams, Northampton, and Greenfield, and a battalion of the old National Guard. After little more than a month there, the company was transferred to Westfield for further training and then went to Montreal whence they sailed for France.



The trans-Atlantic trip was made on an old royal mail steamship which had been pressed into service for the purpose of transporting troops. The trip took twenty-one days, for the steamer was very old and overloaded, having almost 2,000 men crowded on board. The boat docked at Liverpool, where the troops spent one week before being transported to France. After spending a disagreeable week in England where they were underfed and over-disciplined, the soldiers were taken across the channel to France. This trip was made at night so that the boat could not be sighted by the German submarines. Special care had to be taken on this last lap of the voyage, so the boats sailed without lights. In fact, the possibility of being detected by the Germans was so great that the men were not even allowed to smoke cigarettes. The boat was very crowded on this trip and as there was no room in which to sleep, the journey was rendered decidedly uncomfortable.

At Havre, where the boat docked, the men were transferred to the well-known "forty and eight" box cars. These box cars could carry either forty men or eight horses and Company F spent two days travelling in this manner. Oftentimes the same cars were used for both men and horses and the men were forced to sleep on the same straw as the horses had used. There was, however, one redeeming feature about this two-day box car trip, and that was the hot coffee which was served to the soldiers after every few hours of their cold journey.

The first stopping place of Company F was Neufchateau, where the men practiced digging trenches and throwing grenades. Their second destination was Chemin-des-Dames, where the company first entered the front lines and where they had their first casualties. Company F, in this encounter, gained the distinction of being part of the second American division to go into action. After several other minor engagements the troops left this sector and went on a five-day march for the purpose of raising the confidence and morale of the French people. There were very few Americans in France at this time, but the sight of this infantry, which with all its equipment made a line between ten and twenty miles long, inspired confidence in the French people. In some parts of the country the F Company were the first Americans seen by the peasants.

By this time the F Company was well initiated into battle tactics and the next engagements in which they fought were ones which will go down in history as struggles, world renowned because of the bravery that these men and other American soldiers displayed. The next battle, which resulted in twenty-five or thirty casualties in F Company alone was that which took place at Apremont, lasting two days and nights. The fighting was done at very close quarters and was carried on by means of hand grenades, bayonets, and clubs, with continuous shell-fire and bombarding. As a result of the courage shown at Apremont, Company F and eleven other companies were decorated by the French government. This is a decoration of which we should feel proud, for these twelve companies that formed the 104th Infantry were the first American regiment in history to be decorated by a foreign government.

Company F next encountered the "Hindenburg Circus", composed of veteran German fighters who were there to intimidate the new troops and to obtain prisoners. During all this time the company was quartered in old holes and cellars which were practically deserted except for large numbers of rats.

In July, Company F was called upon to help in relieving the Marines at Belleau Woods. In this great struggle the Americans succeeded in holding the woods for eight days in spite of the terrific odds. This front line duty at Belleau Woods offered some of the hardest conditions with which our soldiers had to contend. Here the entire wood was blown to pieces and the death toll mounted higher each day. The heat, as well as the intermittent food supply, made this struggle doubly difficult. The troops doing front line duty were fed only once every twenty-four hours, but at Belleau Woods even these infrequent meals were more or less uncertain because of the distance that the food had to be carried. The soldiers had to walk back across country to obtain the marmite cans of stew. It was a hard journey, for the roads were often shelled, the ration detail killed, and the fighting men left without food. In this case the soldiers were forced by hunger to pilfer the German camps to obtain sufficient victuals.

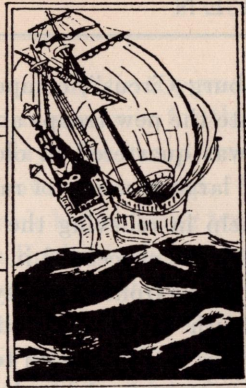
After Belleau Woods all of the allied forces concentrated their efforts on the great Aisne-Marne offensive. In this part of the struggle Company F participated in the advance from Belleau Woods to break the German front lines. The first attack of this great offensive in which the F Company men took part was that directed upon Epieds, an olden-time village with a moat, a high stone wall, and all stone houses. The fighting at this point was particularly difficult for the allied troops as they were forced to cross a whole mile of wheat field in approaching the village. During this march the Americans were killed in large numbers by the enemy, who were firing from the windows of the houses and had a marked advantage over our men. Between eight and twelve o'clock of that day, one battalion lost about eight hundred men while German losses were considerably slighter because the enemy could be located only by the steam from their machine guns. Next came the St. Mihiel drive, in which all of the American forces played a large part. Company F was attacking on the day previous to the Armistice, while the day of the signing found the Pittsfield men right in the front lines.

A few weeks later the "Mount Vernon", a captured German vessel, docked in New York with the Company F men aboard. The soldiers were greeted by a committee from Pittsfield upon their arrival at New York. A few days later the company was back again in Pittsfield where they were given a welcome worthy of the fine spirit and character which they had displayed.

Today we walk down South Street and gaze proudly and fondly at the monument erected to the men and women of Pittsfield who served their country in the great conflict, and our thoughts turn to Company F, one of the first units to go overseas, one of the first in the front line trenches, fighting with valor for the cause of democracy.

*Vera Victoreen*





# POETRY

## Old Battlefield

Peaceful it lies today  
In sunny splendor robed;  
Long years ago it wept  
In pain.

The rustling grasses sway  
And whisper of the dead  
Who lie at rest.

Now bright poppies grow  
Where blood was once,  
And steel, and tears.

Peace is over all,  
Peace whose gentle hand  
Smoothed the brow of agony  
Long years ago.

V. Victoreen

## Challenge

They doubted you,  
And thought that you might wince  
When trouble came.  
Then came war  
And with it, endless calls to arms.  
Unflinchingly you answered  
And hurled back the challenge.

They doubted, then, no more,  
For they had seen you go  
True in loyalty  
To your country and yourselves.

V. V.

## Re-living

Marching, marching down the street  
The steady tramp of ghostly feet;  
Shouts resounding far and near,  
Sounds we sense but do not hear  
At Armistice.

Over seas, the waving grain  
Bends not, nor quivers as again  
Shadowy feet across it stamp  
Rejoicing in an army camp  
At Armistice.

Rebuilt hamlets peaceful sleep  
While from a church's ruined heap  
The unused, old, bronze-throated bells  
Peal again—the news to tell  
Of Armistice.

Time, swift flying, dims the past;  
On memories a veil is cast,  
Yet figures in unseen array.  
Live once more the joyous day  
Of Armistice.

Dorothy Lamar

## Blindness

Came there a time  
In the chronicle of nations  
When the war-gods ceased their play.

Stern reality  
Faced the joyous world in starkness.  
On the field their warriors lay.

There was moaning  
When those heroes came not homeward.  
For the dead there was no day.

O ye peoples—  
See ye not that war is fruitless  
When you perceive this array?

Helen Bump



**Armistice**

The booming of guns has ceased,  
Hostile armies war no more;  
Fair Peace is queen enthroned;  
Silenced, the cannon's roar.

Bravely our boys went forth,  
Gallant, and proud to die  
For the right of their country's cause,  
And the starry flag waving high.

Hushed now the sound of strife,  
But the marks of sorrow are there;  
Shell-shocked, blind, and with twisted mind,  
Our soldiers the burden bear.

Heroes returned, we salute you!  
Patriots, zealous and true;  
Souls who passed on, sincere homage,  
Joy everlasting to you!

*James A. McKenna '29*

**Ten Years**

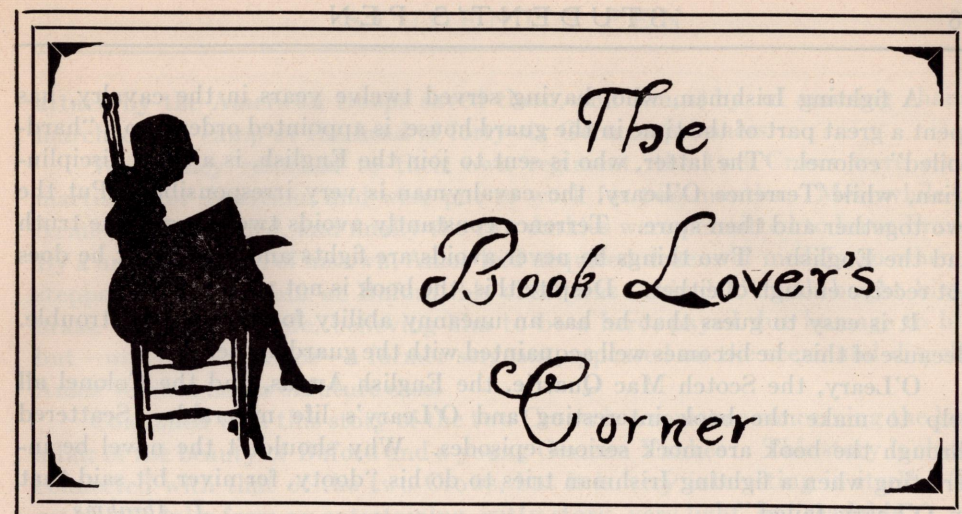
The world has been made safe  
For democracy!  
Ten years have dimmed old memories—  
The guns are stilled  
And flowers dance in the sunlight  
Where desolation reigned.  
Ten years—and heroes  
Lie in straight white beds;  
Somewhere a million crosses  
Point upward to the sky.  
The world has been made safe  
For democracy!

*H. Barton*

**Thought**

I wonder what the men in blue  
And the men in gray thought  
When, with the sun a flood of gold  
Bathing the meadows and trees,  
They went out to kill each other.  
I wonder what the men in khaki  
And those other men in gray thought  
When, amid the screams of women  
The praying spires of a cathedral crumbled.  
That the world might be free.

*Helene Barton*

**"The Top Kick"**

*Leonard H. Nason*

A LITTLE fun, a little wine, a little fighting—that may have been the World War as pictured by some authors, but not by Leonard H. Nason, author of "The Top Kick". This ex-service man, who also wrote "Chevrons" and "Sergeant Eadie", writes in cold, hard language of the war as it really was, as he and the thousands of other dough-boys encountered it—void of all pleasure or fun, of everything but death and terror.

"The Top Kick", which is Nason's latest book, is divided into three parts: A Sergeant of Cavalry; The Roofs of Verdillot; and A Matter of Business. Each episode paints a vivid picture of life at the front. The characters are not officers of rank; rather they are taken from that mass, the buck-privates, whose valour and courage, unfortunately, is not often sung by war authors. The book is, happily, void of any crass humor or so-called comic characters. The true bits of humor, such as the incident of Goodrich's boil, are pathetic in their funniness. The well chosen flashes of wit reveal clearly the brave and dauntless spirit of the men.

"The Top Kick", without doubt, is one of the most forceful and truth-revealing stories of the war. It has no romantic plot to distract the reader's attention. Indeed, the reader is actually stunned by the force with which the cold, stark truth is flung before his eyes.

I venture to say that it is the duty of every real American, in order to appreciate what our boys suffered in the war, to read "The Top Kick."

*Grace Mochrie '29*

**A Helluva War**

*Guy Empey*

THE novel, "A Helluva War", by Guy Empey is concerned with the humorous side of the war. It is highly imaginative, dealing with the improbable, for it depicts impossible characters and scenes. Yet, without them, the book could not be considered a comedy for the seriousness would offset the lightness.



A fighting Irishman, who, having served twelve years in the cavalry, has spent a great part of the time in the guard house, is appointed orderly to a "hard-boiled" colonel. The latter, who is sent to join the English, is a stern disciplinarian, while Terrence O'Leary, the cavalryman is very irresponsible. Put the two together and then stare. Terrence constantly avoids two things—the truth and the English. Two things he never avoids are fights and liquor, yet he does not receive enough of either. Despite this, the book is not vulgar.

It is easy to guess that he has an uncanny ability for getting into trouble. Because of this, he becomes well acquainted with the guard house.

O'Leary, the Scotch Mac Quarrie, the English Angus, and the Colonel all help to make the book interesting and O'Leary's life miserable. Scattered through the book are mock serious episodes. Why shouldn't the novel be interesting when a fighting Irishman tries to do his "dooty, fer niver b't said that an O'Leary failed."

*J. Abrahms*

### "Two Black Crows in the A. C. F."

*Charles E. Mack*

"You're in the army now,  
You're not behind the plow,  
You'll never get rich,  
You'll get the itch,  
You're in the army now!"

**W**HEN the United States declared war on Wilhelm II, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, many henpecked husbands took advantage of the opportunity to flee from nagging wives and so sought refuge in a quiet little war. Not the least of these was Amos Crow, respected (?) resident of Buford, Tennessee. Amos and his pal, Willie Crow, were among the famous characters of the vicinity. Amos' spouse—(Willie was a "free" man)—was a hard-working woman who enjoyed making Amos peel potatoes, much to the latter's misery and disgust, so Amos and his pal were among the first to enlist in the service of thier country. Although Amos was turned down because of his flat feet, and Willie because of his small stature, they became so enthused at a description of the life of a soldier that they "crashed the gates" and were enrolled as privates in the army of Uncle Sam.

During Amos' term in training camp, a sergeant took pity on his flat feet, and put him on K. P. duty, peeling potatoes! That nearly finished poor Amos, but after his camp days were over, and he was on his way across the ocean, he was happy, for there were no potatoes to "skin". Finally the two Crows landed in France, and were lodged in the loft of an empty barn. Unfortunately, they got into trouble when on a trip for supplies, but they were helped by a Sengalese soldier from Africa, who smuggled them into the Sengalese regiment. When they realized, however, that they were at last in the midst of the war they turned and ran.

They ran. Indeed, they ran headfirst into the welcoming bosom of the German army. Taken prisoners, they were sentenced to death, but a sudden

attack by the American troops saved them, and Amos, by an amusing chance, marched into camp at the head of forty-six German prisoners.

When they returned to their own regiment, the two Crows were court-martialed for desertion, and were put to work for two months. Meanwhile the Armistice was signed, and finally the two darkies were permitted to leave France. By a unique method of his own, Amos had acquired dozens of medals, so when he stepped from the train at Buford, his chest was "shingled" with bright bits of brass. His loving wife, believing him to be a hero, payed due homage to him, but—woe to poor Amos—a former sergeant appeared on the scene and dispelled Amos' fondest hopes of future ease.

Combined with this story of the two Crows is a romance concerning the love-affair of the beauty of Buford and a young German Yankee. This story is closely connected with that of the two Crows, but it is very interesting in itself. Together the tales form an entertaining, witty story, very light, but readable.

*M. Keegan*

### Chevrons

*Leonard Nason*

"Oh, up on the Marne this last July  
The boche was headin' for Montmirail,  
An' the G. I. cans was showerin' down like rain,  
But the 'Teenth, the Tenth and the Seventy-Six,  
They handed the Huns a coupla licks  
An' Jerry went hurriedly marchin' home again.  
Oh! Fritz.  
Yuh better put up your mitts!  
When the dandy Third Brigade is after you."

**A**LL the pageantry of the great war is dramatized in "Chevrons". The harried infantry is forever being pushed onward. The artillery is forever in action. There is no peace, no rest for anyone. The men, some of whom have recently been discharged from hospitals, are obliged to drag their one pounders forward to the lines at the front. Americans as well as Germans cower beneath the ruins of fallen walls as airplanes drop bombs which smash towns into fragments.

The soldiers' speech—their catch words—their slang—the very moods which prompted their utterances are reproduced with utter authenticity.

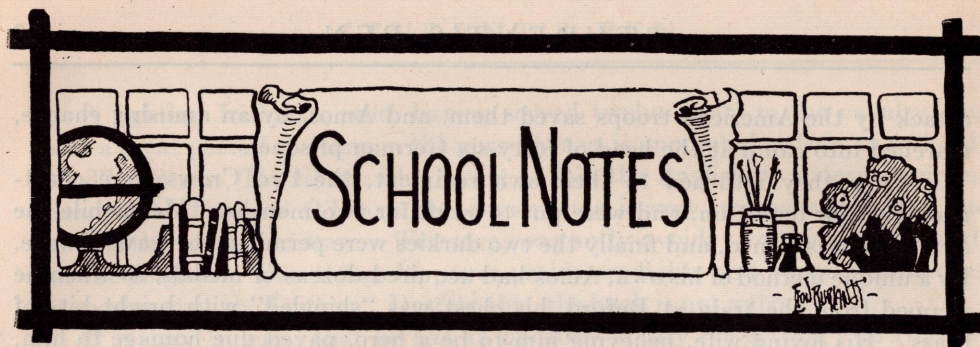
Some of the pages of the book are taken from a doughboy's record, and the scenes on the battlefield, in No Man's Land, and the terrible fight for Dead Man's Hill in 1916-1917 are all vividly pictured.

The hero of the book, Sergeant Eadie animates the action, and thus a continuity of interest is maintained that makes it a book not easily laid aside.

One critic writes: "I bowed the head to 'What Price Glory'; I bent the knee to 'The Big Parade'; now I'm turning hand springs for 'Chevrons'."

*Elizabeth Hollis '29*





### Rally for the Drury Game

AT the rally of October 31st, Edwin McLaughlin, chairman, introduced as the first speaker, Mr. William Barbre, secretary of The Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Barbre expressed the interest of the Chamber of Commerce in the athletic phase of education. He then presented a silver loving cup to the 1928 championship baseball team, and congratulated the players and the school on their success. William Kelly, in behalf of the team and P. H. S., made the acceptance speech. Mr. McLaughlin then introduced Mr. James Keegan, superintendent of the Boys' Club. In his speech, Mr. Keegan said that loyalty and faithfulness to its teams has always marked P. H. S. as one of the most sportsmanlike schools of the county.

"No one," he said, "realizes the importance of a sincere and loyal cheering squad, who, as a unit, show the boys on the team that their efforts are being appreciated by their school."

Mr. Keegan said that the cheering squad would be a great asset to the school at the game between P. H. S. and Drury. Cheers led by Latimer Hannum and Charles Kasmersky, and a song, "March Right on Down the Field" led by Mr. A. B. Nichols, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., concluded the program.

Irene Lutz '29

### Armistice Assembly

IN honor of the tenth anniversary of the Armistice, an assembly was held in the auditorium, Friday, November 9th. Jonathan England acted as chairman. A war nurse, a sailor, and a soldier were represented by Miss Susie Rue, Carl Tracy, and Francis Siracco. Mr. Herrick, Mr. Russell, Mr. Bulger and Coach Carmody, all former service men, represented the faculty.

At the opening of the exercises, the students sang one verse of America. While the flag was brought in, the bugle call, "Colors", was given. The first speaker, Miss Dorothy Corley, told of the part women played in the World War, citing some of the dangers they underwent in serving their country. Next, Thomas Joyce, gave an interesting talk on the "Unknown Soldier". Following this, James McKenna paid a tribute to our soldiers and to the soldiers in France. Then, one verse of the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung. The flag was carried out and taps with the echo was played.

In this way, Pittsfield High School honored the memory of those brave soldiers who fought and died that their country might be free.

Ellen Davis

### The Debating Club

THE DEBATING CLUB, under the supervision of Mr. Allan, is still carrying on its splendid work in Pittsfield High, regardless of the difficulties presented in getting a time and place in which to meet.

The club aims to give one the ability and poise to speak at all times, rather than to turn out any born orators. Through the work of the Program Committee, which assigns the topics, some very interesting debates have been held on subjects which encourage those participating to be original in their argument. This gives an added zest to both speakers and listeners. There are no set judges this year; the club as a whole renders all decisions.

Plans for the future include the presenting of a debate before the Fortnightly Club in January, and the probable acceptance of any challenges which may be received from other schools. The officers are: President, Edwin McLaughlin; Vice-President, Bartlett Hendricks; Secretary, Clyde Charles; Treasurer, James Donna.

Dorothy E. Corley, '29

### Acknowledgement

The members of *The Student's Pen* staff wish to express their appreciation to all those who helped in preparing the copy for this issue, especially to the former students of P. H. S., to the American Legion officials, and to the editor of *The Star Shell* for their invaluable assistance.

"What terrible weather" remarked Joe McNamara, "it's raining out of every window in the house."

\* \* \* \*

Abrahms: "Could you help me with this problem."

Mr. Rudman: "Yes, but I don't think it would be right."

Abrahms: "Well, anyhow, have a try at it."

\* \* \* \*

Frosh: "I am very happy to meet you."

Senior: "Fortunate is the word, sonny."

\* \* \* \*

A. Jenny: "I play the piano just to kill time."

R. Pearson: "You certainly have a good weapon."

\* \* \* \*

Q: "Give a sentence with the word 'burden'."

A: "A burden the hand is worth two in the bush."

\* \* \* \*

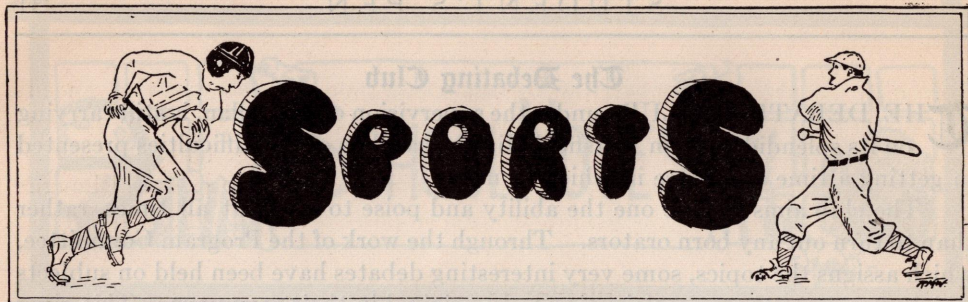
Mr. Herrick: "What is a term."

Michelman: "Thirty days."

\* \* \* \*

Sam Wood says that he doesn't get any pleasure out of walking on North Street because every five minutes some policeman asks him for his mountebank's license.





### Williams Frosh 24—Pittsfield 0

Pittsfield High met defeat at the hands of the Williams College Freshmen team in Williamstown on Oct. 20th. The freshmen scored early in the first quarter when Patterson, their left end, broke through and blocked Kelly's punt and fell on the ball for a touchdown. They scored twice more in the first half after advancing the ball from their own territory. In the second half, Coach Carmody sent in many substitutes, eager to make good, who held their powerful opponents to a single touchdown throughout the half. Fowle, the freshman captain, scored the last three touchdowns. The Pittsfield backfield could not gain through the Williams line and was forced to punt frequently.

Fowle and Tuttle played the feature role for Williams while "Tommy" Curtin and Renne Root did the best work for the losers.

### Adams 6—Pittsfield 6

P. H. S. battled its North Berkshire rival, Adams, to a tie score in Adams on Oct. 27. Each team scored once. Both schools presented well coached teams and although Pittsfield had a heavier team, and could gain more ground through the line, Adams showed its superiority in the forward passing game. The home team made its touchdown in the first period after a forward pass was successful and Marshall, who put up some excellent football throughout the game, scored from the ten-yard line on an end run. Pittsfield however was determined not to be defeated and tied the score mainly by some wonderful line plunging on the part of "Bill" Kelley, Pittsfield's star backfield man, who carried the brunt of the attack. "Bill" finally carried it over.

Captain Senger and "Jay" Sullivan also played fine games for Pittsfield, while Rondeau, the Adams captain, showed how forward passes should be caught. Much credit must be given to both team's lines, who were opening up the holes for the backfield men to go through.

### Drury 0—Pittsfield 0

Pittsfield High and its ancient foe, Drury High, fought to a scoreless tie on Wahconah Park, Saturday, Nov. 3. The game was played on a very wet and muddy field, which prevented either team from making any long runs. Considering the wet ball, very few fumbles were made. One, however, was made by the Drury quarterback which was recovered by "Johnny" Lester on the Drury seven-yard line. This fumble was almost fatal for the visitors but the Drury ine held and Pittsfield's hopes were shattered. Captain Lobo of Drury at times

threatened to cause Pittsfield trouble, but he was stopped before he had advanced far into the home team's territory. Neither team was able to complete forward passes with any great amount of success because of the slippery ball.

Captain Senger as usual was the outstanding player for P. H. S., although "Norm" Tubbs played a great game at the guard position.

### Stockbridge 13—P. H. S. 6

November 9th, Pittsfield journeyed to Amherst and met defeat at the hands of the Stockbridge Aggies (formerly called the M. A. C. two year team).

P. H. S. was unable to hold the Aggie runners in the first period as has been the case in one or two other games this year, but in the second half they halted any sort of attack that the Aggies attempted.

Stockbridge was the first to score when Hall, the home team's quarterback, broke loose for long gains and a touchdown. He also scored the second touchdown a few minutes later. Pittsfield scored near the end of the first half when Senger blocked a punt and Kelly picked up the ball and sprinted twenty yards for a touchdown.

"Tommy" Curtin was the star backfield performer for Pittsfield.

### The Jokesmith's Nightmare

By R. G. N., his mark O

First stude second stude that was no lady tramp professor an optomist does crossword puzzles with a Frosh Senior No, why, so he said she said college boy second lunatic that's no clown that's absent-minded prof. teacher pupil no, what is it Junior Senior Freshman old gentleman little fellow big fellow well why don't you then must have been two other fellows yes no why I'll bite—Bang!

\* \* \* \*

"Absence makes the marks grow rounder", as Will Shakespeare (P. H. S. '99) used to say.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Kaliher: "Most of you pupils are about 16 and 17 years old."

Olson: "I'm only 12."

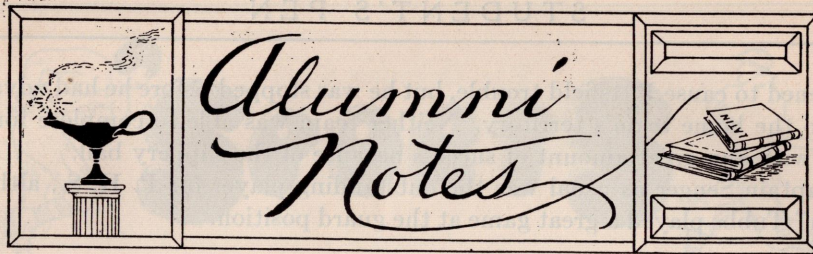
Miss Kaliher: "I'm not speaking about mental ages."

\* \* \* \*

While writing humor is the bunk,  
And filling columns with this junk  
Is not as pleasant as it seems,  
It doesn't spoil our youthful dreams.  
So we go on writing humor trite  
To annoy the patient reader's sight.

—Carl Guss



**June '15**

Hal Dawson has a leading part in "Machinal", which is now playing in New York. When in high school he took an active part in dramatics. He remained in Pittsfield for some time after his graduation, and was a member of the Town Players. He played with the Colonial stock company, as well as appearing in a number of amateur productions. For some years after this, he appeared in stock companies in various parts of the United States and Canada, and at last has come the opportunity to appear on Broadway. He married Frances Loughton, who is with the Werba Players. They have made their home for the winter in Jamaica, L. I.

**June '23**

Anna Stanton was married in August to Charles H. Wise. They are living in Pittsfield.

**June '24**

Dorothy Rhodes, who is a student at Smith College, is on the dean's list, an honor rating. She has recently won a prize for special ability in Latin.

**June '26**

Sydney Cusick, who is attending the School of Commerce at New York University, has become a prominent member of his class. He was class treasurer during his freshman year and is now the president of the sophomore class. He has been elected to the Student Council and is a member of the Gamma Eta Sigma fraternity, which sent him as a delegate to the fraternity convention at Baltimore.

May Buckler is on the third honor list at Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Mildred Rubin, who is attending Smith College, is on the dean's list this year and is one of a group of students who are spending their junior year in France and making a special study of the French language and customs.

Jack Harding and Richard Osborne, who are both juniors at Harvard, are on the dean's list for the second successive year. Harding is in group two which requires "A" grades in half the courses and a "B" average in the other half. He stands fourteenth in a class of 781 and is privileged to unlimited cuts. He is a member of the Harvard 'varsity debating team and was one of the group which toured Georgetown, Holy Cross and other Catholic institutions to debate "Al" Smith's platform. He has been elected to the Harvard debating council and debating union, and last year reached the finals of the Harvard annual oratorical contest in a field of one hundred contestants. Osborne is listed in group three which requires a "B" average in all studies. He has gained distinction in the Harvard Flying club, to which he was elected from a large field of competing candidates.

**February '27**

Frank Learned is attending Dean Academy.

**February '28**

Bill Pomeroy is also a student at Dean Academy.

**To the Student's Pen:**

I have just finished reading the October issue of the *Pen* and I wish to congratulate Vera Victoreen, as well as the heads of the various departments, on bringing out what I consider to be one of the best fall publications P. H. S. has ever had. Knowing what a problem it is to get material and put it together, I think that the new editor-in-chief has succeeded in producing an exceptionally well balanced number.

I promised Miss Pfeiffer to tell you something about Boston University, and so I shall endeavor to give a few facts concerning the college. B. U. has risen within the last few years from a small college to one of the largest in the East. It has at present, including the Evening Division, an enrollment of 14,000 students. These are divided up among nine separate colleges: the College of Liberal Arts, College of Business Administration, School of Theology, School of Law, etc. At the present time, elaborate plans are being made for an assemblage of buildings of a united Boston University, situated on the Charles River within sight of Harvard University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Most students entering a college desire to get into an institution that ranks high in athletics, and B. U. rates as high as any. The various B. U. sport aggregations are coming out of obscure darkness into the light and being recognized as dangerous contenders by such teams as Army, Holy Cross, Boston College, and others. On Oct. 6 of this year, the William E. Nickerson Recreation Field was dedicated at Riverside, proving that Boston University has athletic facilities superior to those of most colleges and universities of New England. B. U. has a forty piece band that adds much color to all of the games.

Having no regular campus dormitories, the college has twenty-two fraternities and four sororities scattered about Boston.

College publications include the "Boston University News", a weekly newspaper, controlled by the department of Journalism; the "Bean-pot", a humorous magazine published monthly by the students; and two minor journals.

The Pittsfield students attending the university include, George Rice, Anthony Alberti, Albert Williams, Ted Combs, and several others. Anyone who is contemplating going away to college, I should advise to look over a B. U. catalogue before making his final decision.

*An Alumnus*



# EXCHANGE



Since the last issue of *The Student's Pen* a new reporter, Paul Wetstein, has taken a position as member of the Exchange Department.

We are all interested to hear this new member's report so at this month's meeting Mr. Wetstein will kindly read us his report on *The Argus*.

"The magazine, on the whole, is very well written. Your editorial department is especially interesting but the poems combined in one department would add a great deal to the appearance of the magazine."

Next to give his reports is Russell Shaw.

"The first on my list is *The High School Panorama*. Yours is an exceptionally well written paper. Your cuts are quite original and clever. Has the school only one contributor to the poetry department?"

"Secondly comes the *Leith Academy Magazine* from Edinburgh, Scotland. I think that the reading matter in your magazine should be separated into departments. Your sport section was extremely well written. Come again."

"Lastly, but, not least, comes the *High School Herald*. A special department for poetry would improve your magazine. In your September issue we noted especially the editorials."

"Arnold Dallava, next, please! On what magazines were you to report?"

"My report deals with *The Orange Leaf*, *The Banner* and *The Garnet and White*."

*The Orange Leaf* has a good joke and exchange department but a few more cuts should be added. It is my belief that that athletic department could be made more complete.

The commencement issue of *The Banner* was very good, but could be improved by a more detailed athletic section and a separate poetry department.

*The Garnet and White* contains some very fine editorials and the athletic and joke departments are excellent. However, we suggest that a separate poetry department be formed, also that some cuts be designed for the editorial, exchange and alumni departments."

"May we now hear Samuel Geller's reports on *The Kensington Distaff* and *The Palmer*?"

"I was always of the opinion that girls were rather incapable of managing a magazine, but after reading *The Kensington Distaff*, I must confess my opinion is greatly altered. Your editorials were a source of much enjoyment and it is evident that you possess some future poets. I suggest that the jokes be combined into one department.

The joke editor of *The Palmer* certainly is clever at puns. Since your magazine is published but three times a year, I think that your cover should have a cut and that there should be more departments and more material."

We announce the arrival of the following exchanges:

Magazines:

*St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle*, Philadelphia, Penn.

*The Orange and Black*, Middletown High School, Middletown, Conn.

Papers:

*The Flashlight*, Superior High School, Superior, Nebraska.

*The Commercial News*, Commercial High School, New Haven, Conn.

*The Shrapnel*, Western Military Academy, Alton, Illinois.

## Autumn Reberie

Have you ever walked along a woodland brook  
When the leaves have changed their green to tarnished gold,  
And float in showy argosies, caught in some shady nook  
By a mossy log athwart the pebbled stream?  
When the modest asters wave on either shelving bank,  
Like the silken pennants flung aloft by knights of yore;  
And you see a spreading ripple where a turtle sank  
When he heard the crackling brush around the curve?  
It's the gayest, happiest season of the year,  
When the chilly mornings wake the wanderlust,  
And the sun at dawning rises red and clear  
On a world astir and teeming with the joys of life.

Eleanor Peabody

(*The High School Herald*, Westfield, Mass.)

Tourist: "Say boy, where does this road go to?"

Yokel: "It doesn't go anywhere. It's here every morning when I come along."

\* \* \* \*

Some of our sophomores are too bright for words. One of them recently drew a donkey's head on the back of a Senior's coat which was hanging in the hall. At 12.30, when the Senior started to put on his coat, he noticed the decoration.

"Ah ha", he said, "one of the boys has been wiping his face on my coat again."

\* \* \* \*

Teacher: "Now, Jimmy, what are you doing, learning something?"

Jimmy: "No, ma'am. I was just listening to you."





### The Fairy Story

IT was the Monday following a defeat of dear old P. H. S. on the gridiron. The boys were drifting into the dressing room with expectant looks upon their faces. Coach Carmody was leaning against the blackboard. Now and then a sweet angelic smile would light up his features. When all were assembled, yea even unto the fifth and sixth teams, he began to speak:

"Fellows, I don't blame you for losing that game. It was all my fault. I should have taught you how to meet that team. And besides, they were a great, big, heavy team and you little fellows didn't have a chance. You certainly put up a fine game, especially the interference, and you, Bill, it wasn't your fault that your passes weren't caught. On the whole, fellows, you did a fine job. That will be all for today. There will be no practice because you worked so hard Saturday."

Tell me that wasn't a fairy story!

Uncle Wiltsie

### Nature Talks

THE Crocopotamus—Three years ago I was employed by the Snappy Garter Rubber Co. as a consulting engineer. It was my job to investigate and take preventive measures in all cases where disease was discovered in the rubber trees. In this connection I was sent to the company's extensive plantations in the Antarctic. A terrible plague was costing us millions of dollars at a time when we needed all the rubber we could get as we had just landed a contract to supply all of Flo White's Vanities with raincoats.

When I arrived at the South Pole, I set up my field laboratory and started to work night and day, day and night, and night and day, and day and night, and whoa! whoa! Well, after working day and night, and, whoa; I discovered that some deadly animal was taking the rubber trees home to the kiddies for use as teething rings. Now, what was this animal? Its tracks were similar to those of the off hind foot of a bowlegged pigeon-toed ostrich without any off hind bowlegged pigeon-toed foot. By that I mean that it didn't have any tracks at all. At last I decided that it was a form of zeppelin fish that flew the four hundred odd miles inland to feast on the rubber trees. To combat these beasts I set up electric fans which produced adverse wind conditions and the animals were not able to land. One more thing before I leave for the sunny South—I named these beasts after my special brand of biteless flea—The Crocopotamus.

Uncle Wiltsie

### There's One in Every High School

I LOVE my math. Yeah! The other day my teacher said, "If all the fellows were like you, teaching Review Math would be terrible," by which he meant, if all fellows knew as much as I do, they wouldn't need teachers. I don't believe in sines, but he is always talking about them. He asked me to show some sines of intelligence. I wish he'd stop talking about sines, cosines and tangents. Yesterday he wanted to know how to solve a problem. I said, "Factor the expression." He said, "That's a good idea. How'd you think of it?" One day he was explaining the indirect method of something or other. That's him. Why don't he be straightforward about it and explain the direct method? Discussed fractions with him the other day. He said, "How would you divide seven apples among six people?" I said "Make applesauce." He said "How would a person with brains do it?" That's him, always asking me questions. If he didn't have a wife and children to support I wouldn't tell him. He ought to know his algebra by this time. One day he digressed from the subject and started talking about hands. One (1) girl said her hands were nice 'n soft because she wore gloves to bed. He asked her if she wore a hat, too!\*

\*Eddy Tors note: Sophs, this crack means she had a soft head.

By the eminent Mr. Jawn Donna

Uncle Wiltsie's Wit

### Uncle Wiltsie's Directory of Great Educators

Miss Rachel Morse

Subject—History.  
Domain—Room 6.  
Great accomplishment—Reduced "Gib" Newman and "Bart" Hendricks to a wordless condition.  
Second Ditto—Gave Sam Wood a perfect recitation mark.  
Famous Saying—Horrigan is the Lame Duck!  
Past History—Class advisor for June '28 (need one say more).  
Present Pastime—Attracting attention to the bulletin in Room 6 (hard work).  
Caution—Don't use the word "model"!

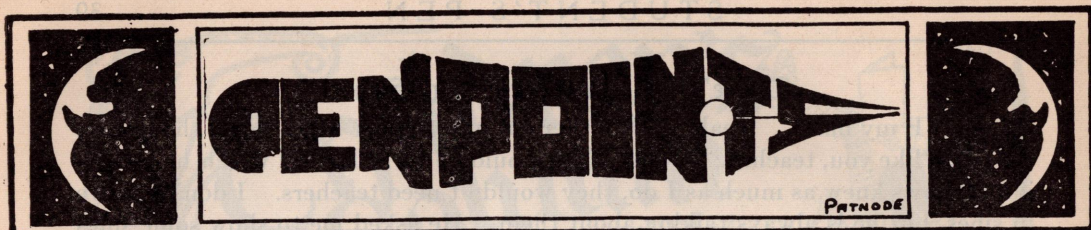
Miss Elizabeth Enright

Subject—Typewriting.  
Domain—12 and 14.  
Great accomplishment—Drives a Ford.  
Second Ditto—Succeeded in avoiding all telephone poles which stepped out in front of her while she was learning to drive her car.  
Famous Saying—What's it to you?  
Past History—Taught night school (nuff sed).  
Present Pastime—Scaring pedestrians and sophs.  
Caution—Don't think that your typewriters are canes and lean on them.

Miss Kaliher: "It is not possible to go from New York City to Brooklyn without going over water."

Russell Shaw: "You can go under it."





*A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men.*

\* \* \* \*

Kind Old Lady: "You'll spoil your stomach by eating so much candy."

Harry Smith: "That's all right. I'll keep my coat buttoned and it won't show."

\* \* \* \*

Foreman: "I'll give ye a job sweeping and keeping the place clean."

Applicant: "But I'm a college graduate."

Foreman: "Well, then maybe ye better start on something simpler."

\* \* \* \*

Barber (Giving shampoo): "Wet or dry?"

Sufferer: "Never mind about my politics—comb my hair."

\* \* \* \*

Chapman: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Langdon: "Who teaches it?"

\* \* \* \*

Soph B: "Say, how do you get on the "Student's Pen" staff?"

Junior: "I don't know. Why don't you go around and see some of the people who are on the staff?"

Insignificant One: "I have seen some of them; that's what made me wonder."

\* \* \* \*

The Little One: "You great, ungainly, hulking ruffian! I am tempted to strike forcibly your Solar Plexus."

Third Party: "Look out, Pete, he may be Gene Tunney!"

\* \* \* \*

One: "When my brother was only three years old he could spell his name backwards."

Two: "Pretty clever. What is his name?"

One again: "We call him 'Otto'."

\* \* \* \*

Himself: "May I hold your hand?"

Herself: "It isn't heavy; I can manage, thanks."

\* \* \* \*

Contributor: "Some day you editors will fight for my writings."

Vera Victoreen: "Well, I was always a good loser."

\* \* \* \*

Noah: "I want a camel's hair brush."

Count: "How funny; I didn't know that camels used hair brushes."

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

Each month this department is to ask five prominent (?) persons their opinions on various subjects of vital importance. This month's question is: "Should Algebra be abolished?"

Answers

Algebra should be repealed or radically amended, as our best efforts have failed to achieve adequate enforcement.

—Prof. Barnet Rudman

I ain't no scholard and I don't hold none with book larnin' no how.

—Paul R. Wetstein '29

If Algebra teachers were abolished, everything would be O. K.—Sam Duker

I believe in universal manhood suffrage as opposed to light wines and foreign affairs.

—Uncle Wiltsie



The movement has my heartiest support and co-operation.

—Ye Joke Editor

—his mark O

Next month's question—  
"Do you believe in the full dinner-pail?"

Au revoir until December.

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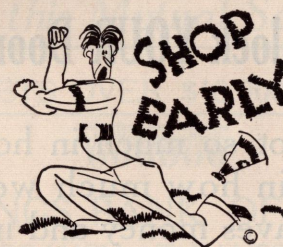
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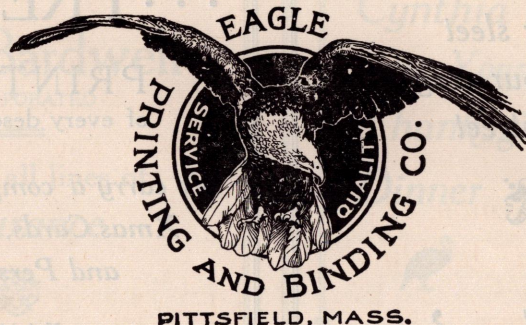
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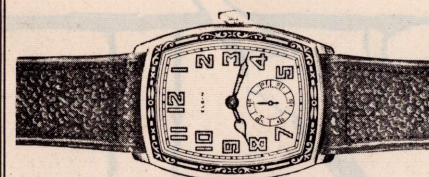
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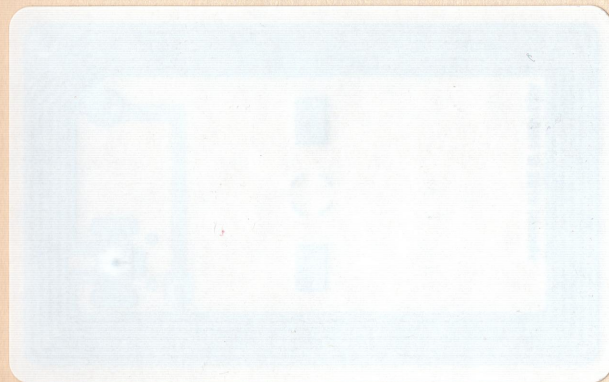


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